AN ILLUSTRATED HORROR-HISTORY OF THE VAMPIRE

75¢

47780

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

No. 23 JAN. 1975

PSYCHO

T.M.

3 fierce, EVIL horror characters

AN ALL-NEW CHARACTER TO CREEP UNDER YOUR SKIN AND TORMENT YOU!

PHANTOM in WAX

the Mummy KHAFRE

NEW

CURSE of the SNAKE GODDESS!

"BEFORE The Altar squatted HORROR. It was a man of a sort, but so low in the stage of life that its distorted humanness was more horrible than its bestiality."

R.E. HOWARD
"PEOPLE OF THE DARK"

DARK THINGS No. 1: Howard • illustrated by GENE DAY

PSYCHO

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Snake Goddess

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Vampire Portfolio

The HORROR-MOOD illustrated history of the master criminal — the VAMPIRE — a mini-portfolio of every fiend under the sun — or moon — page 25.

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PSYCHO IS A HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY THE SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 18 EAST 41st STREET, NEW YORK CITY, 10017. PUBLISHED 8 TIMES A YEAR. EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: ALAN HEWETSON. PRICE 75¢ PER COPY. BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE PUBLISHER; REFER TO ADVERTISEMENTS ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE. THE PUBLISHER ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS OR ARTWORK, ALTHOUGH EVERY EFFORT WILL BE MADE TO RETURN MATERIAL WHEN ACCOMPANIED BY A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. ANY RESEMBLANCE OF CHARACTERS HEREIN TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN ANY FORM WITHOUT THE EXPRESS WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN CANADA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. DISTRIBUTED BY KABLE NEWS.

THE TALES OF THE VULTURE

THE PHANTOM OF THE DEAD

CHAPTER ONE:

MIDNIGHT IN WAX!

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY CESAR LOPEZ

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA INSPIRED OUR HORROR CREATION - THE MAN IN WAX -- BUT YOU, THE READER, DECIDE WHETHER THE PHANTOM OF THE DEAD WILL BECOME A REGULAR CHARACTER IN FUTURE ISSUES, WHICH WE HOPE YOU DO--

BECAUSE THE PHANTOM OF THE DEAD IS UNIQUE, POWERFUL, AND HIS SAGA IS ONE OF HORROR AND SUSPENSE-- ALL THE ELEMENTS YOU HAVE DEMANDED!

...HERE BEGINS HIS TALE...

...1974 - LOS ANGELES - IT RAINS UPON THE GOTHIC WAX MUSEUM OF CHARLES OGLE-- THE HEAVENS OPEN AND THE SKIES BECOME DARK AT MIDDAY--THE CROWDS WHO TOUR THE MUSEUM ARE SMALL ON THIS DAY--SO OGLE CAN AFFORD TO TAKE HIS TIME AS THEY GAPE AT THE WAX MONSTERS HE CREATED FOR THEIR MACABRE EDIFICATION...

YOU HAVE SEEN DRACULA, THE RUMANIAN MONSTER VLAD--YOU'VE SEEN RASPUTIN, RUSSIA'S MAD MONK --AND YOU'VE ADMIRED MY RENDERING OF JACK THE RIPPER --NOW, GAZE UPON THE FACE OF THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, UNMASKED--THE FIEND WHOSE BRAIN WAS AS ROTTED BY INSANITY AS HIS FACE WAS ROTTED BY ACID!

THIS MONSTER IS THE ONLY CHARACTER IN MY MUSEUM OF WAX HORRORS WHO IS FICTIONAL --ALL OTHER CHARACTERS ARE REAL CHARACTERS OF HISTORY-- ALL HAVE LIVED BRUTAL LIVES AND DIED BRUTAL DEATHS--

..ALL EXCEPT THIS CHARACTER--WHO LIVED ONLY IN THE BOOK OF GASTON LEROUX-- THIS MONSTER NEVER LIVED --NEVER BREATHED, NO MATTER HOW LIFE-LIKE HE MAY SEEM TO YOU!

NIGHT--THE RAIN STILL FALLS--THE STORM HAS BECOME **WILDER**- NOW AN **ELECTRICAL MENACE**, SEARCHING- LIKE A BEACON, FOR SOMETHING TO **STRIKE** AND **REDUCE** TO **SMOLDERING ASH!**

A BAT--**FLEEING** THE **BLINDING FLASHES** OF **LIGHT** WHICH **CRIPPLE** HIS **SIGHT**-- **SMASHES** THROUGH THE **SKY-LIGHT**-- GLASS, WIRE, AND **CABLES SUPPORTING** THE **WAX IMAGES COLLAPSE**-- AND THERE IS A MOMENT OF **CHAOS** AS **EVERYTHING** WITHIN THE **HORROR CHAMBER** SEEMS TO **EXPLODE** TOWARDS THE **CENTRE** OF THE **ROOM!**

LIGHTNING STREAKS THROUGH THE **HOLE** IN THE **ROOF** ONTO THE **FALLEN WAX FIGURES**-- MANY OF THEM BECOME **MOLTEN HOT** AND **MELT TOGETHER** IN A **BOILING MASS**--

WHILE **ONE FIGURE MOVES** IN A SOMEWHAT **DIFFERENT FASHION**-- **ONE FIGURE** IS **ANIMATED**-- WHILE OTHERS WHO ONCE-UPON-A-TIME LIVED AND BREATHED, **DIE A SECOND DEATH**-- THE ONE WHO **NEVER LIVED** NOW SEEMS TO BREATHE HIS **FIRST FOUL BREATH!**

ASK NOT 'WHY'-- THERE IS NO 'WHY'-- WE KNOW NOT THE ORIGINS OF THE UNIVERSES AND ITS GODS-- WE KNOW NOT WHY SOMETHING AS INTANSIBLE AS LOVE CAN MOTIVATE MURDER, OR WHY MAN FEARS THE UNKNOWN--
ASK NOT 'WHY'-- THERE IS NO 'WHY'-- THIS NOW-BREATHING BEING ASKS NOT 'WHY'-- HE ASKS, IN FACT-NOTHING!-- HE THINKS, INDEED-NOTHING! THIS IS A WAX IMAGE-- A WORK OF ART --A COLLUSION OF WAX AND FABRIC... IT HAS NO BRAIN IN ITS EMPTY HEAD-- IT IS NOT A HUMAN--
--IT WALKS, NOT BECAUSE OF INTELLECT, OR EVEN BECAUSE OF INSTINCT-- BUT BECAUSE CHARLES OGLE, WHEN HE GAVE IT FORM AND SUBSTANCE, WAS A PERFECTIONIST, AND GAVE IT LEG JOINTS INSTEAD OF A WELDED ARMATURE--
--IT MOVES ITS ARMS, NOT BECAUSE THERE IS A DOOR TO CRUSH ASIDE-- BUT BECAUSE CHARLES OGLE HAD SO MUCH PRIDE IN HIS WORK, GAVE IT SHOULDER JOINTS, ELBOW JOINTS, BALL JOINTS-- THINGS THAT DO NOT SHOW ON THE SURFACE-- THAT HIS VISITORS WOULD NEVER SEE, OR KNOW-- THINGS HE DID BECAUSE HE LOVED HIS ART--
--IT WALKS AND MOVES BECAUSE CHARLES OGLE GAVE IT THE MEANS IN IT'S PHYSICAL MAKE-UP... ...BUT WHY IT BREATHES-- WHY IT IS ANIMATED WHEN NO-ONE IS PULLING STRINGS- THAT, NO MAN KNOWS, AND NO MAN- UNLESS HE IS A FOOL- DARES VENTURE A GUESS AS TO WHY! ...THERE IS NO 'WHY'!

--THE RAIN BEATS DOWN HEAVILY UPON THIS ANIMATED WAX IMAGE -- YET THE FACE DOES NOT TURN AWAY, THE FALSE GLASS EYES DO NOT BLINK, THOUGH THEY CANNOT SEE FOR THE WATER IN THEM--
LOOK AT THAT MAN-- WALKING IN THE RAIN, WITHOUT A COAT OR UMBRELLA-- --HE MUST BE A DERELICT-- DRUNKEN AND WITHOUT A CARE IN THE WORLD!
OH LORD-- IS THAT A MAN?
POLICE? THERE IS A LUNATIC LOOSE -- SOME SORT OF FIEND-- HE THREATENED MY WIFE-- HIS FACE IS SCARRED, LIKE IT WAS IN A FIRE-- HE WALKS AS IF IN A TRANCE-- HE IGNORES THE THUNDERSTORM...
...SEND POLICEMEN BEFORE HE KILLS SOMEONE! HE'S OBVIOUSLY DANGEROUS-- OBVIOUSLY HOMICIDAL!

THERE HE IS-- --PULL UP BEHIND HIM!
LAPD
HEY MISTER! HEY-- YOU!
ICE
WHO ARE YOU? SPEAK-- ARE YOU ILL?
HE-HE'S JUST IGNORING US--HE'S LOOKING RIGHT THROUGH US!
OH LORD!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST-- STOP WHERE YOU ARE OR I'LL SHOOT!
HEY! WHAT 'RE YOU TRYING TO DO?
BDAMM!
--I WARNED YOU!
DAMN FOOL!
STOP OR I'LL SHOOT-- DO YOU HEAR?

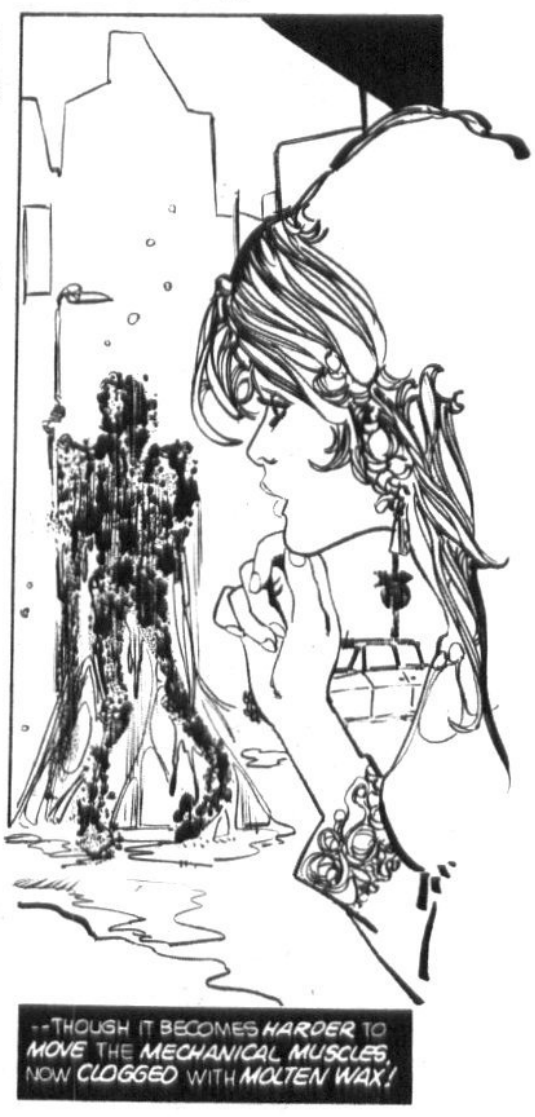
THE BULLETS WENT RIGHT THROUGH HIM-- RIGHT THROUGH HIM!
WE NEED REINFORCEMENTS -- WE CAN'T FIGHT SOMETHING THAT AIN'T HUMAN!
--WHERE DOES IT WALK, THIS THING WITHOUT A MIND?
--HOW IS IT A THING WITH NO MIND, HAS MIND ENOUGH TO PAUSE WHEN IT RECOGNIZES DANGER, HAS MIND ENOUGH TO CHANGE COURSE IN AN EVASIVE ACTION?
--YET HAS NOT ENOUGH OF A MIND TO RECOGNIZE AN INANIMATE OBJECT WHICH TRIPS IT UP?
--WHEN THERE IS NO MIND, THERE IS NO PAIN-- THOUGH IT'S HEAD IS HALF CRUSHED!

--THE STORM ABATES--
THE SUN RISES UP, BRINGING DAYLIGHT TO THE GRAVEYARD--

--BRINGING INTENSE CALIFORNIA HEAT TO BEAT ON THE WAXEN FACE OF THAT WHICH DOES NOT FOR THE MOMENT MOVE A MECHANICAL MUSCLE--

--HEAT WHICH BEGINS TO MELT THE CAREFULLY SCULPTURED FEATURES, AS THE BEING TURNS, AND BEGINS TO WALK-WITH AN AIM AND A PURPOSE!

WITH A GOAL THAT NO MAN MAY CHALLENGE AND LIVE--


--THOUGH IT BECOMES HARDER TO MOVE THE MECHANICAL MUSCLES, NOW CLOGGED WITH MOLTEN WAX!

SO IT WAS AS I THOUGHT -- YOU WERE SOMEHOW BROUGHT TO LIFE IN THE STORM -- A KIND OF LIFE IT IS DIFFICULT TO DEFINE BUT - BUT NEVERLESS LIFE!
-- AND THREATENED BY THE SUN -- YOU RETURNED TO THE SAFETY OF THESE STONE WALLS! I MARVEL AT THE SIMPLICITY OF YOUR THOUGHTS -- PURE INSTINCT ALONE, AND SOMEWHAT DULLED INSTINCT AT THAT...
...INSTINCT DEMONSTRATED ONLY IN THE LOWEST ORDER OF ANIMAL... NOT A SURPRISING INSTINCTIVE ACTION, FOR AFTER ALL, THE BRAIN OF THE GUINEA PIG I GAVE YOU IS NOT A WELL DEVELOPED MIND!

I GAVE YOU LEGS SO YOU HAD THE CAPACITY TO WALK--EYES CONNECTED TO YOUR MIND SO YOU HAD THE ABILITY TO SEE--I GAVE YOU A BRAIN, SO PERCHANCE, YOU MIGHT THINK...
...YET ALL THESE I GAVE YOU TO AMUSE MY FANTASIES... NEVER DID I BELIEVE THEY WOULD EVER BE PUT TO ACTUAL USE!
YET THOUGH I KNOW NOT WHY, OR HOW, THE FACT REMAINS--LIFE WELLED IN THIS BODY OF WAX...
...YOU RETURNED HERE TO 'HOME' WHERE YOU KNEW A MEASURE OF SECURITY AND WELL-BEING--YET THAT IS THE BASIC INSTINCTUAL REACTION OF THE PRIMARY BRAIN I GAVE YOU!
NOW SHOULD I HAVE GIVEN YOU A MORE DEVELOPED BRAIN -- PERHAPS A HUMAN BRAIN --YOUR REACTIONS WOULD HAVE DIFFERED--
--YOU WOULD HAVE FOUGHT YOUR ENEMIES...
...YOU WOULD HAVE HIDDEN FROM THE HEAT OF THE SUN!
NOW, YOU ARE LIFELESS WAX AND ARMATURE!
YOU ARE NOW AS YOU WERE BEFORE-A STATUE OF WAX -- THOUGH NOW YOU ARE NOT MOLDED OF MY ART, BUT SCULPTED BY THE SEARING HANDS OF THE SUN--OR--
--OR--ARE YOU NOT SO LIFELESS, PHANTOM OF WAX? DOES THE MAGIC THAT CREATED YOU STILL INHABIT YOUR REMAINS?

WE SHALL SEE--I WILL MOLD YOU ONCE AGAIN INTO THE MONSTROUS PHANTOM--YET THIS TIME, I WILL DEVISE BETTER ARMATURES...
--I WILL INCORPORATE ALL MY KNOWLEDGE INTO THIS SINGLE FIGURE--I WILL FASHION YOU AFTER THE HUMAN BODY, WITH ALL IT'S INTRICACIES AND DEVICES FOR DEFENSE AND OFFENCE--
THEY WILL CALL ME FRANKENSTEIN, I KNOW--THEY WILL SAY: CHARLES OSLE IS THE GREATEST MAD DOCTOR OF THEM ALL--CHARLES OSLE SHOULD BE SHOT, OR LOCKED UP...
...BUT I DON'T CARE--ALL MY LIFE I HAVE DONE WHAT I HAVE DONE FOR MYSELF ALONE--I GAVE YOU INTERNAL MOVING GEARS--I GAVE YOU A BRAIN --WHY? WHAT OTHER MAN ON EARTH WOULD EVER SEE THEM? WHO ELSE WOULD EVER KNOW WHAT I DID TO BUILD YOU?
NO-ONE--I DID IT FOR MYSELF ALONE! SELF SATISFACTION! SELF-PRIDE! SELF-GRATIFICATION! NO OTHER REASON--I DID IT BECAUSE I IMAGINED I FASHIONED A HUMAN BEING!
--THE FIRST TIME I CREATED YOU, I ONLY IMAGINED I FASHIONED A HUMAN BEING--IN FACT I DID NOT--I GAVE YOU TOO ELEMENTARY A BRAIN...
THIS TIME I WILL MAKE NO MISTAKES --YOU WILL BE PERFECT--
--FOR WITHIN YOUR WAXEN SKULL --WILL LIVE THE BRAIN OF A HUMAN!

IF YOU DEMAND IT - THE PHANTOM OF THE DEAD: MONSTER IN WAX

--REGISTER YOUR VOTE FOR THE FUTURE OF THIS CHARACTER ON THE COUPON ON PAGE 51--

PSYCHO MAILBAG

. . . correspondence from Mike Tierstein . . .

"In your story, LET HER ROT IN HELL, the theme is that a person might be driven to suicide by the belief he had become a vampire and was about to be subjected to the sunlight that would rot his flesh. Legends are altered at the convenience of writers of course — this one in fact is based on the vampire tradition as evolved by the 19th century writers — but why should sunlight be fatal to a vampire BEFORE he had completed his natural life span? Sunlight would kill Dracula because in fact Dracula is long dead. In the natural course of things he would not only be dead but probably decomposed into dust."

Michael Tierstein
Brooklyn N.Y.

. . . Mike — the idea in LET HER ROT IN HELL that these people were turned into vampires was meant to appeal to the ignorance of people in those superstitious times. In fact, you are right of course — but these people were ill-educated and their BELIEF that they would somehow die a horrible death in the sunlight, whether factual or not, drove them to suicide. Your comment is astute — had the victims REALLY become vampires they would NOT have rotted in the sunlight, I shouldn't think . . . which raises an interesting point : exactly what effect would sunlight have on a 'new' vampire — any reader who has an opinion is invited to write, and we'll publish the ideas in a future letters page along with our own notions . . .

RAMSEY CAMPBELL is one of our British readers — recently he wrote a rather long, honest, and interesting critique of our HORROR-MOOD titles — we thought you might be interested in this short quote from his fine review —

". . . THE HUMAN GARGOYLES (VS. THE USA) is a justification of SKYWALD'S try-anything . . . approach. As polemic and social comment it works better than almost any other monster saga, by refusing to be taken as a literal monster story; It drops its living Gargoyles into comtemporary America as symbols, and the alienating juxtaposition works, maybe because Cintron gives the Gargoyles a sad dignity and alieness without sentimentalism . . . "

"I have just picked up the latest HORROR - MOOD masterpieces at the magazine stand, and were they masterpieces! The cover of Scream #8 was just fantastic. We need more of fetid Faba's cover art. The inside of that issue was just as good as the cover. I was glad to see the long awaited return of the SLITHER SLIME MAN. The adaption of Poe's TELL TALE HEART was really great. Keep adapting Poe's works. MY PRISON IN HELL was the best NOSFERATU tale yet. The centerfold of Suso art was out of this world. I didn't really care for the MECHANICAL CANNIBALS, though the story was fair. All in all the best story in that issue was the SAGA OF THE VICTIMS. Keep Suso on that series.

"Right on the tail of SCREAM was NIGHTMARE #20. WANTED: MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE . . . just sort of hung there. And the art was nothing to get excited about. As to A TALE OF HORROR, Collado did a fine job on the art and the twist ending was really unexpected, but appreciated! THE BLACK CAT was another fine adaption of Poe's work. THE CASTLE was very good for its size. As always, THE HUMAN GARGOYLES was excellent! The best story for that issue was THE SCREAM AND THE NIGHTMARE. The SHOGGOTH SERIES is your finest series.

"And now we come to the 1974 PSYCHO YEARBOOK. Beautiful cover, showing the best of PSYCHO'S cover art. THE BRIDES OF THE FRANKENSTEINS was too short for my liking.

"Though the art on THE INNER MAN was not fantastic, the story was great. The story line in THE DEADLY MARK OF THE BEAST was stale. It's been used by too many other magazines. SLIME WORLD was the best story in that issue. It also had the best art.

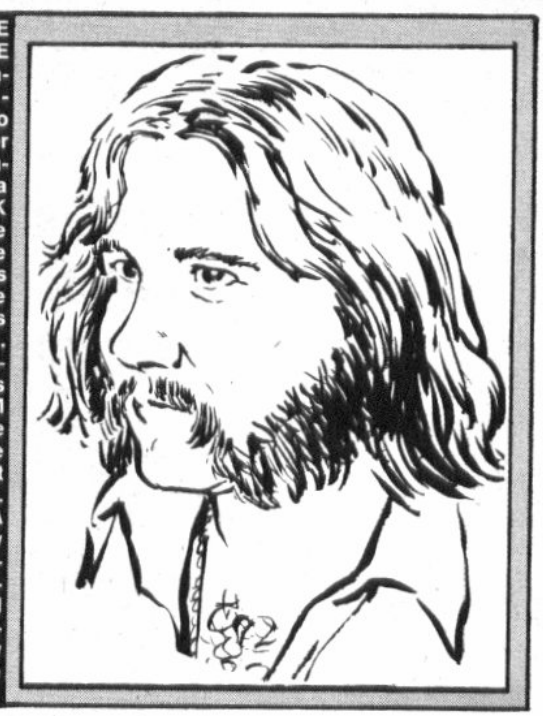
HOW ABOUT IN THE CENTER PAGE OF EVERY ISSUE OF EVERY HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE A TWO PAGE POSTER, BY A DIFFERENT MOOD ARTIST EACH TIME."

See you next time around!"
Michael D. Eckhardt

. . . We are very seriously considering the poster idea Mike —

THE HUMAN GARGOYLES, written by Alan Hewetson and illustrated by Maelo Cintron, won the best HORROR-MOOD character vote in THE BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS hands down — it was almost no contest for our other characters, praised though they were by second choices (2nd was clearly NOSFERATU) — the votes ran 3 to 1 for the Gargoyles over all other characters. This overwhelming reaction guarantees THE HUMAN GARGOYLES as a regular every-single-issue feature in NIGHTMARE, beginning right NOW, in the issue on sale next month: NIGHTMARE #23. A HUMAN GARGOYLES oil cover by Segrelles is now being completed, and we are working (we kid you not!) on HUMAN GARGOYLES T-SHIRTS which we KNOW will be a sell-out item in THE LITTLE HORROR-MOOD SHOP OF HORRORS. THE HUMAN GARGOYLES are further proof that INNOVATION is the HORROR-MOOD criteria—and you can just BET we've got a THOUSAND plans for the Gargoyles, like a hard-cover book and a HUMAN GARGOYLES FAN CLUB.

KILLERCLOWN talents GENE DAY, (left) and AUGUSTINE FUNNELL, (right) are 2 dynamite talents the HORROR-MOOD is powerfully pleased to team up. Gene is the artist for the fine KILLERCLOWN illustrations on page 34, as well as a brand new regular series: DARK THINGS, beginning on the inside front cover of this issue. It'll be a regular PSYCHO feature. His many works on text feature illustrations, photo features (THE VAMPIRE PORTFOLIO . . . page 25), and various and sundry montage/pin-up art makes Gruesome Gene a MOOD-TEAM regular. Gus, the writer for the KILLERCLOWN story on page 35, is well known as a frequent feature writer to the magazines. His MONSTER MONSTER SAGA continues shortly, and his many warped tales of evil, as everyone knows, are regular controversial contributions. Stay tuned into the HORROR-MOOD magazines for more exclusive new talent, and a lot, LOT more from Gus and Gene.



We'd like to say a few words about our brand new product department — THE LITTLE HORROR-MOOD SHOP OF HORRORS. You'll notice we've got all kinds of things going on — posters, records, rocks (rocks?) and various and sundry other interesting items, like horror-masks. So far, there are no real HORROR-MOOD items — well we're going to change that soon enough — before long you'll be offered T-SHIRTS of your favourite HORROR-MOOD characters — that's step number one in a series of steps to make the LITTLE HORROR-MOOD OF HORROR an arresting array of artifacts. Keep your eyes glued for new, rapid developments! If you have any complaints about service or anything write to PRODUCT DEPARTMENT, C/O SKYWALD and we'll be SURE you are 100% satisfied.

we'd like to know what other readers think — would y'all like to see a centerspread poster?

"The best story in this issue is THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS because it's believable and very creative. My favorite all-time HORROR - MOOD story is THE TELL-TALE HEART because it's a very depressing story. I buy the HORROR-MOOD magazines beacuse I get my thrill out of getting chills. My favorite HORROR-MOOD writer is Alan Hewetson. My favorite HORROR-MOOD artist is Suso. My favorite HORROR-MOOD cover artist is Jad. My favorite TYPE of story is horror. I think the photo-features are good, exceptional. My favorite HORROR - MOOD story TITLE is SAGA OF THE VICTIMS. My favorite HORROR-MOOD CHARACTER IS LADY SATAN. My favorite HORROR-MOOD series is THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS. I think you should make the magazine thicker and put a couple of strips about black people now and then. I'm black and I'm a devoted fan of horror magazines."

Mrs. Pat Contreros
Houston, Texas

. . . Pat Contreros will be delighted to know that our series about the black n' beautiful LADY SATAN will be continuing shortly by artist fierce FERRAN SOSTRES . . .

Thanks to JERRY CULLINS of North Carolina ("—more American artists —"), KEVIN HOGT of Indiana, LANCE STRANAHAN of Florida, TIM LYNCH of Connecticut, JIMMY BOESENBERG of New York, PAUL SHETLER of Ohio ("—A TALE OF HORROR had some simply beautiful wash panels —"), BOB DAPP JR. of Pennsylvania, GLEEN SAINBORN of Georgia, JOSEPH HEUVEL of New York ("— you took THE BLACK CAT, a horror classic by Poe, and put art to it beautifully —"), MARK REILLY of Minnesota ("— make your stories more gruesome —"), SHARON BROCK of illinois, JOHN LOTT, of New York, ANDREA HINES of Indiana, FRANK TROUTMAN of New York, DAVID JANNES of Wisconsin, RICK LIVINGSTON of Kansas, GUY LEBO of New Jersey, and to the thousands of others who have entered their BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS into the HORROR-MOOD log-book of corrupt correspondence.

IN A LAND OF **ANCIENT** AND **DARK** SECRETS, THE SWIRLING WIND-SWEPT SANDS MIX WITH THE **WORK-CHANTS** OF THE EGYPTIAN DIGGERS. EACH DEPTH OF SAND THAT IS RAISED TO THE SCRUTINY OF THE SUN BRINGS THE DIGGERS CLOSER TO THE GREATEST, AND MOST **HIDEOUS**, FIND OF THE CENTURY!

THE CURSE OF THE SNAKE GODDESS

SUDDENLY, THE RASPING SOUND OF **STEEL** GRINDING AGAINST HIDDEN **STONES** RISES FROM THE PIT... SOON FOLLOWED BY THE FRENZIED CRIES OF A NATIVE WORKER!

BWAZZI ALLARI KORDOK... KORDOK! I'VE FOUND SOMETHING... HURRY... HURRY!

QUICKLY! THIS MAY BE WHAT WE'VE BEEN **WAITING** FOR!

WRITTEN BY ED FEDORY

ILLUSTRATED BY CARDONA

AFTER AN HOUR OF HURRIED DIGGING, THE ENTRANCE TO AN ANCIENT **TOMB** HAS BEEN UNCOVERED!

SEE... ...THESE WRITINGS REFER TO THE **CULT** OF THE **COBRA** -- A LITTLE KNOWN SECT THAT WAS **BANNISHED** DURING THE **THIRD** MILLENIUM B.C.! THIS TOMB IS THE **FIRST** OF ITS KIND TO BE UNCOVERED... A TRULY **GREAT FIND!**

LOOK! THE SEALS OF THE **ROYAL NECROPOLIS** ARE **UNBROKEN!**

OPEN IT UP!

WITHIN MINUTES, A THIN BEAM OF LIGHT STEALS ACROSS THE BROAD STONED FLOOR--THE **FIRST** LIGHT TO ENTER IN OVER **FOUR THOUSAND YEARS!**

THEY ENTER...THEIR NOSTRILS QUIVERING AS THEY SCENT FAINT WISPS OF FUNERAL INCENSE BURNED OVER FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

THE COLD EYES OF THE STONE STATUE ALMOST HYPNOTIZE THE YOUNG ARCHEOLOGIST.! THEY ARE NEITHER THE EYES OF MAN NOR GOD...ONLY THE SILENT, FIXED EYES OF A COBRA. THOUGH WROUGHT OF STONE, ITS INFLATED HOOD, AND BARED FANGS SEEM TO GIVE IT A LIFE OF ITS OWN!

ITS EYES SEEM ALMOST ALIVE! ...HIDING SOME DARK SECRET OF THE PAST!
SURE, AND THE NEXT THING YOU KNOW IT WILL JUMP UP AND BITE YOU! COME NOW... LEAVE THE SUPERSTITIONS TO THE NATIVES.! YOU'RE AN ARCHEOLOGIST.!... ...A MAN OF SCIENCE, NOT A FOOL!

SUPERSTITIONS ARE CAST ASIDE AS THE MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION PLUNGE INTO THE FRENZY OF WORK ...THE CATALOGING AND CRATING OF INDIVIDUAL TREASURES FOR THEIR SHIPMENT BACK TO THE MUSEUM. WITHIN WEEKS---

NOW REMEMBER, DRIVE SLOWLY! WE WANT TO MAKE SURE THAT ALL THE CRATES MAKE IT TO THE SHIP!
DON'T WORRY, MR. WENTWORTH.! I'LL MAKE SURE WE DON'T LOSE ANY. WAIT UNTIL THEY SEE WHAT WE'VE SENT BACK! WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO BEG MONEY FOR ANOTHER EXPEDITION.!
MACK

AS THE TRUCK COMES TO A HALT BEFORE THE DIGS, AND THE FEET OF THE YOUNG DRIVER TOUCH THE HOT SANDS, A FEELING OF INSOLATION WIPES OTHER THOUGHTS FROM HIS MIND!

WITH THE PRECIOUS CARGO DELIVERED TO THE SHIP, THE YONG SCIENTIST UNCAPS A BOTTLE OF BEER, GIVEN TO HIM BY A COMPASSIONATE CREWMEMBER...

BET WENTWORTH AND RENFIELD HAVE ANOTHER LOAD TO BE SHIPPED BY THE TIME I GET BACK! SURE WOULD BE NICE TO COOL MY THROAT WITH ANOTHER OF THESE LITTLE "SOLDIERS"!

BY ALL THE STONE GODS OF EGYPT! ...THIS BEER IS-- --FANTASTIC.! EVEN WENTWORTH WOULD HAVE TO AGREE THAT THIS IS THE GREATEST TREASURE ON THESE HOT SANDS.!

MY GOD! HE'S DEAD!
WHAT MANNER OF MAN OR ANIMAL COULD HAVE TORN HIS BODY SO! WHAT SIGHT COULD HAVE CARVED THE FEAR I READ IN HIS EYES!

LEAVING HIS DEAD COMPANION, HE SEARCHES INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE TOMB FOR THE OTHER WHO IS *MISSING!*

HIDDEN IN THE *SHADOWS*, THE YOUNG ARCHEOLOGIST CALLS TO THE FORM OF HIS MISSING COMPANION... A FORM THAT LAYS MUTE, WHILE IN THE THROES OF SOME VIOLENT CONVULSION!

THE INTERNATIONAL PRESS AGENCIES COVERED THE STRANGE AND UNEXPLAINED DEATHS OF THE *WENTWORTH EXPEDITION*... AND HAVE GIVEN THE TOMB THE AURA OF BEING *CURSED!*

COME NOW, MISS PRENTICE -- --LET'S STOP READING ABOUT *"CURSES"* AND BEGIN UNPACKING THE FINDS OF THE EXPEDITION!

BEFORE HIS UNFORTUNATE DEATH, WENTWORTH WROTE ME SAYING THAT THESE TREASURES WERE UNIQUE IN THE REALM OF EGYPTOLOGY-- --I AM *ANXIOUS* TO SEE THEM!

I'LL GET RIGHT ON IT, MR. FOSTER!

CURSE-DEATHS-REMAIN-RIDDLE-

...THE WORD ALWAYS LENDS ITSELF TO SELLING MORE NEWSPAPERS WHEN IT IS SEEN ON HEADLINES!

HE'S ALWAYS *ORDERING* ME ABOUT! IF HE HAD TO WORK FOR *PEANUTS*, HE'D UNDERSTAND!

EVERYDAY I UNPACK WORKS OF ART WORTH MILLIONS...

...ALL FOR A ROTTEN $71.50 A WEEK!

--*RIDICULOUS!*

PULLING THE *COBRA-HEADED* NECKLACE FROM ITS CONTAINER, THE YOUNG WOMAN'S EYES FLARE WITH DESIRE!

IT WOULD TAKE THEM *WEEKS* TO FIND OUT THIS WAS *MISSING!* WITH ALL THE OTHER TREASURES, THEY'LL HARDLY NOTICE ITS *LOSS!* *NO MORE "PEANUTS"!*

I'LL SIMPLY HIDE IT BY WEARING IT *UNDER* MY BLOUSE!

IN ANOTHER ROOM, A GROUP OF SCIENTISTS STUDY A TABLET TAKEN FROM WITHIN THE MUMMY CASE OF THE SNAKE GODDESS!

I'LL BE LOCKING UP IN A WHILE. THINK YOU'LL COMPLETE THE *TRANSLATION* BY THEN?

WE'RE USING THE *KROTULA SCROLLS* TO HELP US. BUT IT WILL STILL TAKE SEVERAL HOURS TO COMPLETE THE WORK.

WE'VE DECIDED TO STICK IT OUT THRU THE NIGHT... BY MORNING WE SHOULD HAVE IT FINISHED. YES, MORNING -- THE ABSOLUTE *LATEST.*

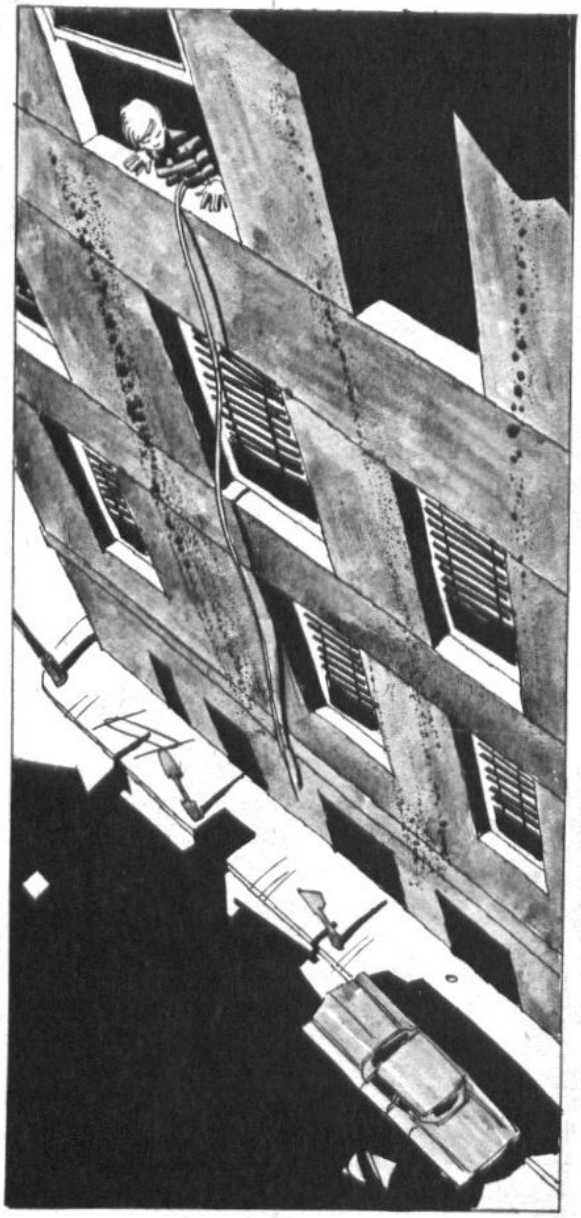
I'LL LOCK YOU IN THEN. YOU KNOW WHERE THE COFFEE IS, SO I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN IN THE MORNING.

THE CITY BELOW IS HUDDLED IN DARKNESS AS THE YOUNG WOMAN PLANS TO SET HER SCHEME IN MOTION...

THE MUSEUM IS LOCKED UP, AND I AM *ALONE!* WITHIN MINUTES I'LL BE ON THE STREET... A FAR RICHER WOMAN THAN THE ONE THAT ENTERED THIS MORNING!

GRABBING A COIL OF ROPE FROM THE STACKED CRATES, SHE QUICKLY TIES AN END TO THE HEAVY OAK DESK!

QUICKLY, SHE GRABS THE ROPE AND BEGINS HER DESCENT TO THE STREET FAR BELOW!



ALTHOUGH SHE CAN EASILY EXPLAIN THE STRANGE SENSATION IN HER *HEAD*, IT IS FAR MORE DIFFICULT TO FIND CAUSE FOR THE *TINGLING* SENSATIONS THAT GRASP HER ARMS!

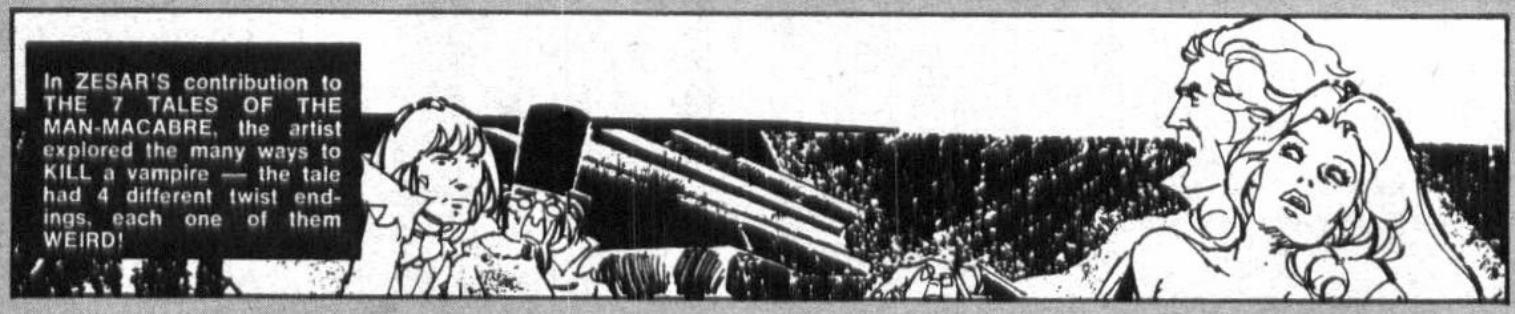
THE TINGLING SPASMS THAT RACE THRU HER ARMS BECOME MORE VIOLENT... CONVULSE-- TREMBLE!
I-I CAN'T HOLD ON! MY ARMS... TREMBLING... CAN'T MAINTAIN MY GRASP!
DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN, HELP ME!
MEANWHILE...
IT JUST CAN'T BE TRUE! THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS --A CURSE!
IT IS TRUE. THEY MAY HAVE ALL HAD CONTACT WITH THE NECKLACE DESCRIBED IN THE TABLET, BUT TO SAY THAT A CURSE IS THE REASON FOR THEIR DEATHS IS-- INSANE!
WHAT OTHER EXPLANATION DO WE HAVE? WENTWORTH RENFIELD, AND YOUNG FARRADAY... ALL DEAD... THERE HAS TO BE A REASON!
NO!!
EVENING SILENCE IS SHATTERED, AS A HIDEOUS SCREAM RISES FROM THE STREET!
"INSANE," PERHAPS -- BUT--
WHAT THE HELL!
QUICK DOWN ON THE STREET-- LET'S GO!
A HIDEOUS WAILING CONTINUES TO FILL THE NIGHT AIR, AS THE SCIENTISTS RUSH TO UNLOCK THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE MUSEUM!
DAMN IT! I PUT THE KEY IN UPSIDE-DOWN! THERE!
HURRY! HURRY!

GENTLY THE RAINS FALL AND THE SCREAMS OF TERROR SUBSIDE. AND ALTHOUGH THE BOY IS DEAD..
IT'S A WOMAN!
SHE LOOKS FAMILIAR!
SHE MUST HAVE FALLEN OR--
..STILL THERE IS MOVEMENT!
MY GOD!
DEAR JESUS HOW COULD THIS HAPPEN!
IT'S INSANE-- INSANE-- INSANE!
BEFORE THE GAPING MOUTHS AND WILD-EYED STARES, THE CURSE OF AGES IS RE-ENACTED-- THE EXPEDITION DEATHS ARE EXPLAINED AND THE MYSTERY OF THOSE SAVAGE WOUNDS ARE BROUGHT TO LIGHT!
-- FOR THOSE WHO WOULD ROB THE GOLDEN SEAL OF SARAK WOULD MEET DEATH BY THEIR OWN HANDS!

GENE
DAY
PORTFOLIO
OF THE
MASTER CRIMINAL
THE VAMPIRE

VILLAMONTE'S rendering of the vampire in the tale THE MACABRE strangely resembled BELA LUGOSI, and as the story progressed it became obvious the plot was imaginatively based on the life of the famous actor!

In the tale HICKORY DICKORY DOCK, illustrated by FERRAN SOSTRES, a young man, somewhat mentally-disturbed, sees a movie about DRACULA and assumes his identity!



In ZESAR'S contribution to THE 7 TALES OF THE MAN-MACABRE, the artist explored the many ways to KILL a vampire — the tale had 4 different twist endings, each one of them WEIRD!

Artist SUSO incorporated this visage of a campire into THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS, but as it turned out the vampire was a robot — though he did rot in the sunlight in the end!

When artist PAUL PUIGAGUT needed a vampire face for the AUGUSTINE FUNNELL tale DOWN TO HADES TO DIE the face of CHRISTOPHER LEE made the perfect model — no one LOOKS so much like a modern DRACULA as Lee!

Is this old lady a vampire? JESUS DURAN, in the cover story THE OLD VAMPIRE LADY, relates the sad life of a woman whose tale of horror is exaggerated by her madness!

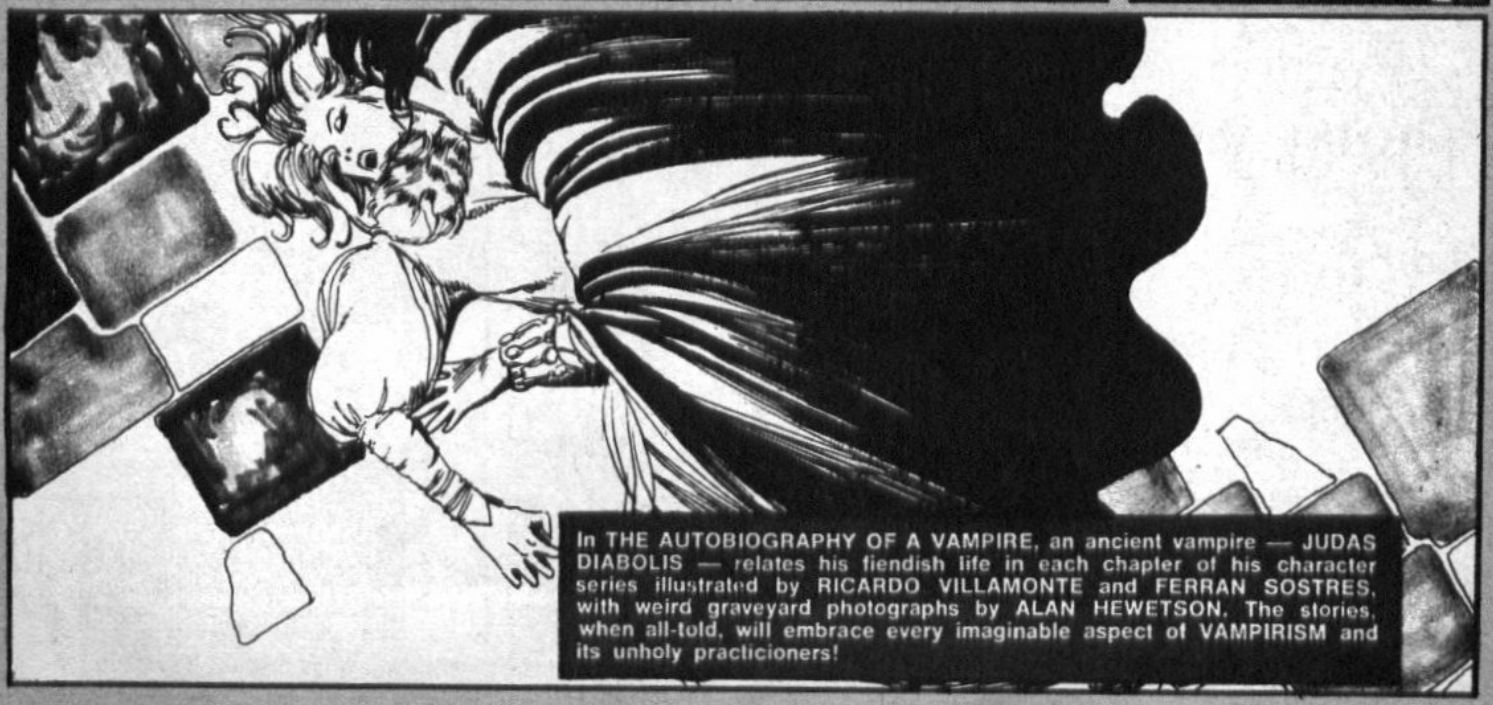
The PABLO MARCOS illustrations for the HORROR-MOOD classic ED FEDORY tale THE VAMPIRE were shocking — in the vampyre's death scene blood covers the floor of the fiend's tomb!

BELA LUGOSI made DRACULA famous by his theatre tours and by his many films — his peculiar acting style and foreign accent made his performances unique and memorable.

Recently the television movie featuring JACK PALANCE as DRACULA received great aclaim, as it should, for PALANCE in this strange role gave the character new dimensions of power!

In his recent HORROR-MOOD interview, CHRISTOPHER LEE talked about his many roles, including his most famous continuing role as the greatest vampire of them all, COUNT DRACULA!

MAX SHRECK was the first movie vampire — in NOSFERATU, based on the BRAM STOKER novel. SHRECK'S emaciated appearance made audiences shudder at their first sight of the human monster!



In THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VAMPIRE, an ancient vampire — JUDAS DIABOLIS — relates his fiendish life in each chapter of his character series illustrated by RICARDO VILLAMONTE and FERRAN SOSTRES, with weird graveyard photographs by ALAN HEWETSON. The stories, when all-told, will embrace every imaginable aspect of VAMPIRISM and its unholy practicioners!

A GARDEN OF HELISH DELIGHTS

WRITTEN BY EDWARD FARTHING

ILLUSTRATED BY CESAR LOPEZ

EARNEST GRUMPH HAD A GREEN THUMB -- WHEN HE CAME TO PHILADELPHIA IN 1923 FROM EUROPE HE BECAME A PROFESSIONAL GARDENER -- HE TENDED THE FINEST GARDENS IN THE CITY, AND EARNED A MOST COMFORTABLE LIVING...

...HE FELL IN LOVE WITH ANGELA CONSTANTINE, OF THE WEALTHY PHILADELPHIA CONSTANTINES, AND THOUGH A HUMBLE MAN, PROPOSED MARRIAGE TO HER...

ANGELA -- MY LITTLE ANGEL -- YOU KNOW HOW I LOVE YOU -- I CANNOT OFFER YOU THE WORLD, FOR I AM A MAN OF MODERATE MEANS, BUT I LOVE YOU AND OFFER YOU MY LOVE -- WILL YOU MARRY ME?
AND I LOVE YOU, EARNEST -- YES, I WILL MARRY YOU!

--WHEN THEY APPROACHED TOLKIEN CONSTANTINE FOR HIS BLESSING, THEY MET GREAT OPPOSITION FROM A MAN WHO HAD WANTED HIS DAUGHTER TO MARRY A WEALTHY MAN--

NO!!
I WON'T EVEN HEAR OF IT -- YOU ARE NOT YET OF AGE, ANGELA, AND I WILL NOT PERMIT YOUR MARRIAGE TO A COMMON GARDENER -- PUT HIM OUT OF YOUR MIND -- FORGET HIM -- YOU WILL MARRY SEÑOR PEDRO MERCEDES, A MAN OF DISTINCTION...

--DISTRAUGHT, EARNEST GRUMPH THREW HIMSELF INTO HIS WORK, CARING FOR HIS BELOVED GARDENS, THOUGH HE COULD NOT FORGET HIS LOVE FOR ANGELA--

THE ONLY DECENT THING IN THIS WORLD IS A MAN'S LOVE FOR A WOMAN, AND A WOMAN'S LOVE FOR A MAN -- AM I TO BE DENIED THAT BECAUSE I AM NOT WEALTHY? I COULD BE SO HAPPY -- WITH MY ANGEL BY MY SIDE I COULD LIVE SUCH A HAPPY LIFE WITH MY PLANTS!

--FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, EARNEST GRUMPH WEPT--

--IT IS A KNOWN FACT THERE IS A CERTAIN MAGICAL QUALITY ABOUT THE TEARS OF PEOPLE WITH GREEN THUMBS -- PERHAPS IT WAS THE TEARS OF EARNEST GRUMPH AS THEY FELL UPON THE ROOTS OF THE VINES, THAT GAVE THE SNARLING ROOTS A LIFE ONE-STEP- BEYOND THEIR NORMAL LIFESTYLE --

--PERHAPS IT WAS THE TEARS THAT ACTED LIKE A VERY SPECIAL MYSTICAL COMPOUND, THAT GAVE THOSE VINES AGAINST THE WALL OF THE CONSTANTINE HOUSE IMPETUS -- FOR DURING THE NIGHT THEY GREW AT A TREMENDOUS RATE -- THEY CLIMBED THE WALL -- THEY ENTERED THE 2ND FLOOR WINDOW OF TOLKIEN CONSTANTINE'S BEDROOM -- THEY CREPT TOWARD THE BED --

--THEY WRAPPED AROUND HIS NECK -- THEY SQUEEZED AND CHOKED THE LIFE FROM HIM -- THE OLD MAN DIED IN GASPING AGONY AS HIS NECK VEINS SNAPPED AND HIS MOUTH WAS FILLED WITH LIVING, CREEPING VINES WHICH CREPT DOWN HIS THROAT AND FILLED HIS LUNGS WITH EVER-MOVING, EVER-SNARLING ROOT FIBRES --

--IN THE MORNING, WHEN POLICE INVESTIGATED, THEY FOUND TOLKIEN CONSTANTINE DEAD FROM SUFFOCATION -- IT TOOK THE CORONER 3 HOURS WITH A HACK-SAW TO SEPARATE HIM FROM THE ROOTS WHICH ENVELOPED HIM INSIDE AND OUT...

--A FEW MONTHS LATER, EARNEST MARRIED HIS ANGEL --

--THEY LIVED A HAPPY LIFE, FOR THE FIRST FEW YEARS -- SINCE HIS WIFE INHERITED A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY, EARNEST WAS NOW IN THE FINANCIAL POSITION OF NOT HAVING TO WORK -- SO HE SPENT ALL HIS TIME IN HIS OWN GARDEN, THE CONSTANTINE GARDEN --

--HE MADE IT INTO THE FINEST GARDEN IN THE AMERICAS, POSSIBLY IN THE WHOLE WORLD -- PEOPLE CAME FROM MILES AROUND JUST TO LOOK AND TO SMELL AND TO FEEL SHEER DELIGHT IN THE PRESENCE OF NATURE AT ITS CULTIVATED BEST -- WHEN HE RAN OUT OF LAND AND COULDN'T EXPAND THE FRONTIERS OF HIS GARDEN, HE BUILT IT UP FURTHER -- HIGHER AND HIGHER -- TILL THE ENTIRE GARDEN WAS AS HIGH AS THE HOUSE ITSELF!

--AS THE YEARS MOVED ALONG, EARNEST AND ANGELA GRUMPH HAD A PARTING OF WAYS -- THEY HAD NO CHILDREN AND EARNEST SPENT ALL HIS TIME IN HIS GARDEN LEAVING HIS WIFE TO TWIDDLE HER (NOT GREEN) THUMBS ALL ALONE -- SHE CAME TO HATE HIS GARDEN, WHICH BY NOW ENGULFED THE HOUSE COMPLETELY...

--WELL, NO MATTER WHOSE FAULT IT WAS, BY THE TIME APRIL OF 1974 CAME AROUND THEY LOATHED ONE ANOTHER -- EARNEST HAD TURNED INTO A SPITEFUL, MEAN OLD MAN WHO CARED ONLY ABOUT HIS GARDENS, AND ANGELA HAD BECOME AN ANGRY, BITCHY OLD WOMAN CONSTANTLY NAGGING HER HUSBAND --

STOP SMELLING UP THE HOUSE WITH THOSE FILTHY CIGARS!
LEAVE ME ALONE, IT'S MY ONLY PLEASURE.
HA -- AT LEAST YOU HAVE ONE PLEASURE -- I HAVE NONE AT ALL!
ANYTIME YOU WANT TO DROP DEAD, FEEL FREE TO DO SO!

I'VE HAD IT UP TO MY TEETH WITH YOU -- LET'S FACE IT, FOR WHATEVER REASONS, WE DON'T LOVE EACH OTHER ANYMORE, OUR MARRIAGE IS OVER! I'M GETTING A DIVORCE, AND I'M SELLING THIS HOUSE AND YOUR PRECIOUS GARDEN JUST OUT OF SPITE --
YOU CAN'T DO THAT, CRAB FACE!
CRAB FACE! CRAB FACE! YOU USED TO CALL ME YOUR LITTLE ANGEL! YOU BET I CAN DO IT, YOU GORMLESS OLD TWIT -- ALL THIS PROPERTY IS IN MY NAME, REMEMBER?-- IT WAS MY FATHER'S! I'LL HAVE THIS HOUSE TORN DOWN AND TURNED INTO A SHOPPING CENTER!

--FOR THE 2ND TIME IN HIS *LIFE*, EARNEST GRUMPH *WEPT*--

--THAT NIGHT, THE *VINES* *CREPT UP* THE *SIDE* OF THE *HOUSE* A *SECOND TIME*-- THEY *CREPT* INTO THE 2ND *FLOOR WINDOW* OF THEIR *BEDROOM*, AS IF *ANIMATED* BY THE *BLACK GODS OF HELL*-- THEY *SLITHERED* TOWARDS THE *BED*--

--THEY *WRAPPED AROUND* THE *NECK* OF *ANGELA CONSTANTINE*, THEY *CHOKED* HER, THEY *SQUEEZED* HER, THEY *ANNHILATED* HER *LUNGS* AS THEY *LASHED ABOUT* DOWN HER *THROAT*, *GOUGING* HER *VEINS* *INSIDE* HER *CHEST*--

-- IN THE *MORNING* GRUMPH *LOOKED* AT THE *THING* ON THE *BED* *BESIDE HIM*-- HE FELT *NO REMORSE*, TOO MANY *UGLY YEARS* HAD PASSED BY WITH HER TO FEEL *SAD*; HE FELT *RELIEVED*-- HE DIDN'T BOTHER TO CALL THE *POLICE* OR A *CORONER* TO HAVE HER *REMOVED*, HE'D *REALIZED* SOMETHING HE'D NEVER *THOUGHT* OF BEFORE--AN *IDEA* SPRANG INTO HIS *HEAD*, SOMETHING FAR *MORE IMPORTANT* THAN HIS *WIFE'S STINKING CORPSE*--

--NOW HE COULD *EXPAND* HIS *GARDEN* *INSIDE* THE *HOUSE*-- HE SET TO PLANTING *NARCISSUSES* IN THE *LIVING ROOM*-- *DAFFODILS* IN THE *BATHROOM*--*APPLE TREES* IN THE *KITCHEN*-- *DAISIES* IN THE *STAIRWAYS*--AND IN THE *BEDROOM*, WHERE HIS *WIFE'S* *DECOMPOSING BODY* MADE *EXCELLENT FERTILIZER*, HE GREW *ROSES*-- EARNEST GRUMPH, THE MAN WITH THE GREEN THUMB, HAD THE *ULTIMATE* GARDEN--UNFORTUNATELY, HE HASN'T BEEN SEEN OR HEARD SINCE *JULY*, ALTHOUGH WHEN THEY EVENTUALLY GET AROUND TO *DEMOLISHING* THAT *GARDEN OF HELLISH DELIGHTS*, THEY'LL PROBABLY *PAUSE* TO *LOOK* IN *WONDERMENT* AT THE *BEAUTIFUL POTTED GERANIUM* ON THE *BACK VERANDA*, WHICH IS *POTTED* IN OLD *EARNEST GRUMPH'S SKULL!*

From the diary of Aldo Macduff, clown in the employ of Three Circle Circus, the entry dated September 30, 1974. I have no intention of explaining how Mr. Aldo Macduff's diary came to be common knowledge to me as, aside from the fact that it is none of your business, I would undoubtedly give the authorities cause to call upon me . . . and that, I assure you, I wish to avoid entirely.

This then, is the unedited entry of Aldo Macduff on September 30, 1974, perhaps an hour after that infamous act that we all know so well at this time. It reads:

KILLERCLOWN

Written by AUGUSTINE FUNNELL
Illustrated by GENE DAY

That I, Aldo Macduff, should have finally found myself, is most strange. All these years of making a fool of myself for the sole purpose of entertaining those childish buffoons must have addled my brain quite fully for me not to have seen the answer a long time ago. Be that as it may, for I cannot change those years. However, from this moment on, I can change the future.

No longer need I be Aldo Macduff, paid jester. No longer the clown to those who have nothing better to do than laugh at my misfortunes. This night I have found myself, and the discovery has been a most magnificent one.

Perhaps though, my dear diary, I should tell you exactly what has transpired this grim and ghastly evening. I fear I'm leaving out most of the better details while I rant and rave of my good fortune. Enough then, of this mindless rambling. I'll tell you my diary, just what has changed my mood this night . . . what has transpired to bring about my rise from fool to avenger.

The 8:00 show went as smoothly as always. My routine pleased the mob as it always does, and they seemed to take great delight in my falling about injuring myself (I will admit the injuries were slight, but they were injuries nevertheless) and bruising my body in several places. One man, a particularly boisterous chap at the front, laughed much more loudly than the rest, and even at the half-time break I knew it must be he who should suffer, not only for the agony I felt, but for his laughter at that agony.

His hair was thinning on top, but what was left of it was dark brown — a truly sickening colour anyway. He wore glasses, thick glasses, that rested as much on his fat bulging cheeks as on the bridge of his nose. Certainly a revolting character. I, even in my make-up, was much more respectable than it would ever be possible for the buffoon at the front to be.

He was obviously a businessman, and I have no doubts that at some time, perhaps only recently, he cheated, lied or stole to obtain money from someone else. No doubts about it at all. Businessmen are like that . . . a cruel vicious breed.

When the show had been completed, I left the performing area as I always do, but this time I did not leave all my equipment in the ring behind me. This time I took a knife . . . the grotesque one, my beloved diary, the one I use in my self-annihilation act . . . and hid it in the sleeve of my costume. Then I stood behind the curtains near the exit, waiting until most of the crowd had gone. I hurried across the floor, moving quickly to catch up with those few stragglers who still remained. One of those stragglers, dear diary — was the boisterous man I mentioned earlier.

I followed him into the darkness of the parking lot where most everyone else had gone. There were only a few others around, so it was very easy for me to walk up to him and ask him for a few moments of his time.

When I approached him he smiled broadly, and it was obvious he remembered me from the show. How could he not remember me? After all, it was his voice that rose above the others whenever I fell down to injure myself . . . his laughter that assailed my ears time and time again. Why should he not remember me, eh diary?

He was quite happy to talk to me, so I led him back into the deeper shadows where we could not be seen. Back behind the tents and trucks where I was sure no one would intrude.

Only when I had stopped walking and turned to face him did he inquire as to my wants. I only smiled, reaching into the sleeve of my costume to withdraw the knife.

"You laughed at me . . . laughed at my hurt," I said softly to him.

He still had not seen the metal of the knife glinting, and he didn't know what I had planned for him.

"Yeah," he answered, "funny as hell. You got a good act fella."

"It was not funny," I said coldly, lifting the knife.

He saw my weapon then, and the smile on his fat lips faded, quickly replaced by an expression of utmost horror.

"It was not funny," I said again.

He tried to move, even tried to sceram, but I was too fast for him. The knife plunged into his throat, and when I pulled it back rich red crimson blood followed it.

I'm not sure diary, but I think I was laughing then. Laughing at his hurt and his pain as he had laughed at mine. I slashed and slashed, paying no attention at all to the blood that spurted onto the ground.

When he had stopped squirming about I plunged the knife into his chest and cut out his heart, still pumping slowly, throbbing softly in my hand.

I walked here to my tent, being careful to remain in the shadows. I was sure I could offer a suitable explanation, but I did not care to, as I did so very much want to get back and relate it all to you, my dearest friend, my diary.

His heart is sitting beside me now. Naturally it has stopped beating but it is still a magnificent thing to own. Very beautiful.

This won't be the last dear diary. Each night from now on I'll laugh at them, their pain, as they laugh at me and my pain every night. It's not fair that I should bear the brunt of it all, so I've just equalled things a bit. Marvelous, don't you think my dear friend? Yes, of course you do.

I'll close now dear diary, but I'll tell you all about what happens tomorrow night. I know you'll be waiting for me. I'll be back, I promise.

And that's it. As I said, I have no intention of relating the incidents that led to my ownership of Aldo Macduff's diary, but I will tell you this: when the police came two hours later, they got the wrong clown . . . the wrong clown!

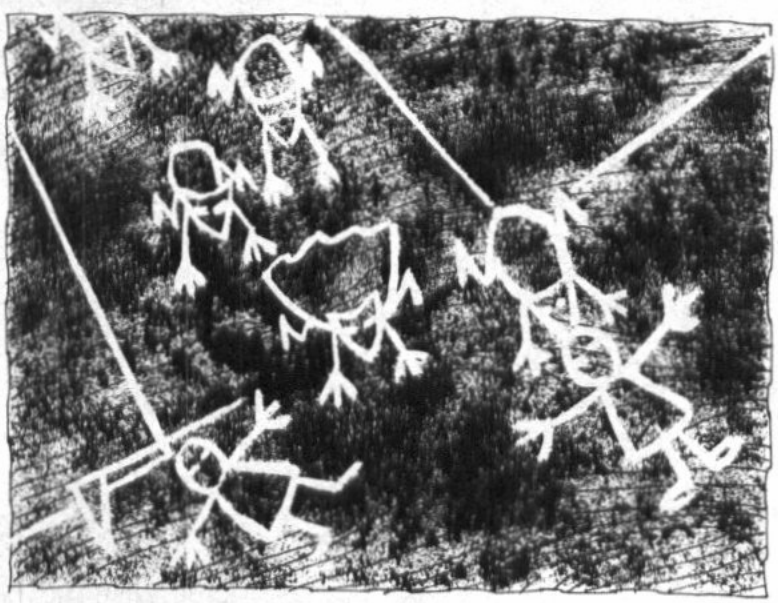
RST
GOTH
IVITY
DAY

...THERE IS A **STORY** PASSED DOWN FROM **GENERATION** TO **GENERATION** IN THE **HOUSEHOLD** OF THE **LUBITZ FAMILY**... A **TALE** THAT WAS NEVER **WRITTEN** IN **WORDS**, FOR IN 1816 **ABLE LUBITZ** WAS NOT A **LITERATE** MAN AND COULD NEITHER **READ** NOR **WRITE**... SO, IN KEEPING WITH THE **ODD TYPE** OF **MACABRE MISSIVE** THIS BE, WE WILL TELL IN WORDS ONLY WHAT **MUST** BE TOLD IN WORDS, AND OTHERWISE WE WILL RELATE THE TALE BY **PICTURES ALONE**, IN PROPER **KEEPING** WITH THE WAY OLD **ABLE LUBITZ** TOLD THE TALE TO HIS FAMILY... FOR YOU SEE ABLE LUBITZ WAS NOT ONLY **INCAPABLE** OF **READING** AND **WRITING**, HE WAS **ALSO INCAPABLE** OF **SPEECH**... AND RELATED THIS TALE BY **DRAWING CRUDE ILLUSTRATIONS** WITH **CHALK** ON HIS **KITCHEN TABLE**...

...WE ARE **PLEASED** TO **PRESENT** A **TALE** OF **19TH CENTURY GERMANY**, WHERE **FOLKLORE** AND **SUPERSTITION** WERE **SUBSTANTIATED** BY THE **GRUESOME REALITY** THAT SUCH **MONSTERS** AS **VAMPIRES, WEREWOLVES,** AND **GHOULS ACTUALLY EXISTED**... THIS IS THE TALE OF **ABLE LUBITZ**...

THE WEREVAMPIREWOLF

ILLUSTRATED BY CARDONA



...AND **THERE** THE **STORY** OF **OLD ABLE LUBITZ** **ENDS**... FOR THE **OLD MAN** CANNOT **CONTINUE**, HIS **MEMORIES** OF WHAT **HAPPENED** THEN ARE **TOO PAINFUL** FOR HIM TO **RELATE**, BUT, FOR THE **RECORD**... THE **WOLVES** CAME UPON THE **MEN** IN A **HORDE** AND **VIOLENTLY ATTACKED** THEM... **RIPPING--SLASHING--KILLING**... **ALL** OF THE MEN **DIED, ALL EXCEPT ONE MAN--ABLE LUBITZ**, WHO HAD HIS **THROAT RIPPED OUT** BY THE **MIGHTY WEREVAMPIREWOLF**... **ABLE LUBITZ RECOVERED**, SAVE THE FACT HE WAS **UNABLE** TO **SPEAK ANOTHER WORD** FOR AS **LONG** AS HE **LIVED**...

...THERE ARE SOME SECRETS WHICH DO NOT PERMIT THEMSELVES TO BE TOLD... MEN DIE NIGHTLY IN THEIR BEDS, WRINGING THE HANDS OF GHOSTLY CONFESSORS, DIE WITH DESPAIR OF HEART AND CONVULSION OF THROAT, ON ACCOUNT OF THE HIDEOUSNESS OF MYSTERIES WHICH WILL NOT SUFFER THEMSELVES TO BE TOLD...

...ONE SUCH MYSTERY INVOLVES:

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S THE MAN OF THE CROWD

WRITTEN BY EDGAR ALLAN POE ILLUSTRATED BY SOSTRES

NOT LONG AGO, ABOUT THE CLOSING IN OF AN EVENING IN AUTUMN, I SAT AT THE LARGE BOW-WINDOW OF THE D--- COFFEE-HOUSE IN LONDON.

...I LOOK... AT ALL THOSE MANY MEN AND WOMEN... AND KNOW SO LITTLE OF THEM...

...EACH IS OF A DIFFERENT MIND...

... EACH -- IS OF A DIFFERENT PURPOSE...

...THAT MAN... SHORT, THIN... LOOKS FEEBLE... HIS CLOTHES ARE FILTHY RAGS...

...MM-H -- HE HIDES A DAGGER UNDER HIS COAT...

...HE IS ONLY ONE OF SO MANY WHO ARE UNKNOWN TO ME... YET, IS IT NOT INCUMBENT UPON MY CURIOSITY TO FIND OUT?

I THINK ... I'LL FOLLOW HIM... SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO...

...HE LOOKS EVERY INCH A CRIMINAL -- BUT -- I'LL NOT JUDGE HIM TILL I FOLLOW HIS ACTIONS...

HE JUST SEEMS TO WALK AND WALK AIMLESSLY, SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING... WHAT IS HE SEARCHING FOR?
HE'S INVOLVED IN WALKING IN CURIOUS CIRCLES WITHIN THAT CROWD... WHAT'S HE DOING?
BY GOD... I'VE GOT IT... HE'S A PICKPOCKET... THAT'S IT... THE MAN IS A PICKPOCKET...

...HE'S EMPTY-HANDED...
...I...MUST'VE BEEN WRONG... HE ISN'T A PICKPOCKET...
...BUT THEN...WHAT IS HE UP TO?
HE'S ENTERING THAT CURIO SHOP! WHAT IS HIS PURPOSE ...IS HE A THIEF, DEALING IN BLACK-MARKET STOLEN GOODS?
HE'S TAKING NOTHING... HE JUST WALKED AROUND IN CIRCLES LOOKING AT EVERYTHING YET TOUCHING OR PRICING NOTHING...
...THIS MAN MAKES NO SENSE...
...HE'S OFF AT A FAST CLIP AGAIN... WALKING NO-WHERE YET, SOMEWHERE...

AH.!! HE PUTS HIS HAND TO HIS DAGGER... HE MEANS TO MURDER THAT MAN FOR BUMPING INTO HIM...
NO... HIS ANGER IS PAST... HE WALKS AWAY... I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND HIM -- I JUST - DON'T UNDERSTAND HIM...
PERHAPS HE'S MERELY MAD -- MAYBE HE IS OUT OF HIS MIND...
...NO... I... DOUBT IF THAT IS THE ANSWER... THERE IS SOME DESIGN TO THIS MADNESS... I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING HIM AT LEAST 8 HOURS AND HE'S DONE NOTHING... ...NOTHING!!...

I...HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE... I'LL ACCOST HIM AND FIND OUT WHAT ALL THIS IS ABOUT...
SAY FELLOW... ...WHO ARE YOU?... WHAT ARE YOU UP TO? I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING YOU...
HE IGNORED ME COMPLETELY... JUST KEPT ON WALKING...
...IS HE A GHOST? IS HE MAD? IS HE AN IMBECILE?...
...HE IS NONE OF THESE... YET ALL OF THESE... HE IS A MAN OF THE CROWD... ONE OF THE MANY WE WILL NEVER KNOW, NEVER UNDERSTAND... PERHAPS IN THE NEXT MINUTE HE WILL COMMIT A MURDER, OR GO INTO A LUNATIC FIT, OR PERHAPS HE WILL SIMPLY WALK ABOUT FOREVER DOING NOTHING... HE IS A MAN OF THE CROWD. HE IS THE TYPE AND GENIUS OF DEEP CRIME... HE DOES NOT PERMIT HIMSELF TO BE KNOWN OR UNDERSTOOD... HE IS A TORMENTER... AND THAT IS HIS CRIME...

THE *MEDICAL ARTS* ARE A SCIENCE OF MAN THAT YEARNS TO KNOW *MORE AND MORE*... FOR EVERY CRISP MOMENT OF *LIFE* IS PRECIOUS TO *MOST MEN* WHO AGREE THAT *MUCH* HAS YET TO BE *KNOWN*... SCIENCE IS A *SLOW PROCESS*... PERHAPS IT NEEDS A *HELPING HAND* FROM THE *MACABRE ARTS OF MAN*...
AS IN...

The 300th BIRTH DAY PARTY!

AND THEN AGAIN... PERHAPS IT *DOESN'T*...

IT'S SUCH A *CRIME* ISN'T IT DEAR... TO BE *SCARRED* SO YOUNG...
...IT'S NOT SO UNFAIR TO *ME* AS IT IS TO *YOU*...
I HATED YOUR FACE EVEN *BEFORE* THE ACCIDENT YOU *MORON*...
YOU'RE ALL I EVER *THINK* OF CECILLE... YOU'RE MY *WHOLE LIFE*...
OH SHUT THE DRIVEL OFF, YOU *MORON*...
I'LL *NEVER* BE DEMANDING... YOU *KNOW*... YOU KNOW WHAT I *MEAN*...
DON'T BE *SILLY* WALTER... I LOVE YOU... IN *EVERY* WAY...
HOLD YOUR *STOMACH IN* GIRL... THINK OF *SOMETHING ELSE*... THINK OF *HIS MONEY*... ALL HIS BEAUTIFUL, WONDERFUL *MONEY*...
...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...
MY SWEET *WIFE*-- HOW YOU CAN STILL LOVE ME *AFTER*...
...*AFTER THIS*...
BUT I *DO* MY LOVE... I WILL LOVE YOU AS I HAVE *ALWAYS* LOVED YOU...
...AND THAT WAS *NEVER* YOU *CREEP*...
I *ALWAYS* HATED YOU... *ALWAYS!* IF YOU THOUGHT AS INTELLIGENTLY OF *ME* AS YOU DO OF YOUR *BUSINESS* YOU'D *REALIZE*...
...YES WALTER BIERCE... YOU HAVE A *BRILLIANT* MIND FOR *BUSINESS*... BUT IT'S *NUMB* WHEN IT COMES TO *ME*!

WE'LL HAVE TO BREAK OFF OUR RELATIONSHIP CECILLE...
BUT WHY... I SEE NO REASON...
BECAUSE YOUR HUSBAND WALTER IS NO FOOL... IS WHY! ... WHAT WOMAN VISITS HER DOCTOR THREE TIMES A WEEK...
HE'LL NEVER GUESS... I HAVE HIM WRAPPED AROUND MY LITTLE FINGER... HE'S A FOOL...
DOCTOR...
WHAT IS IT NURSE... I SAID I DIDN'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED...
I MUST SEE YOU PRIVATELY ... IT'S URGENT...
WHAT IS IT?... I WAS CONDUCTING AN IMPORTANT EXAMINATION WITH MRS. BIERCE...
I'M NOT SURPRISED...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?
I MEAN I THINK YOU'LL CONFIRM CERTAIN SUSPICIONS ABOUT THIS BIERCE WOMAN WHEN YOU READ HER MEDICAL REPORT... IT JUST CAME IN...
...REPORT... OH YES... IT WAS ONLY ROUTINE I...
...GOOD LORD...
CANCER!
WITH LUCK CECILLE... WITH LUCK YOU HAVE SIX MONTHS... I'M AFRAID... IT'S MALIGNANT...

BUT THERE MUST BE A CURE THAT MONEY CAN BUY DOCTOR...
NO SIR... RICH MAN OR POOR... WE HAVE NO CURE YET...
...I'M SORRY TO HAVE TO SAY...
...YOUR MONEY IS USELESS HERE MR. BIERCE...
IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE THE WOMAN IS BED-RIDDEN... BUT HER LOVING HUSBAND STILL SEARCHES FOR AND ANSWER...
CECILLE... I FOUND A SPECIAL CLINIC THAT...
SOMEDAY? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
NO... NO IT... IT'S NOT THAT KIND OF A CLINIC... BUT IT CAN GIVE YOU A NEW LIFE SOMEDAY...
THAT CAN CURE ME WALTER?
THERE IS NO CURE FOR CANCER TODAY... BUT SOME DAY TOMORROW THERE WILL BE... THEY CAN FREEZE YOU... KEEP YOUR BODY IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION... UNTIL THE DAY WHEN THEY HAVE A CURE...
...THEN THEY CAN OPERATE... SAVE YOU... BRING YOU BACK TO LIFE...
IT WILL COST A FORTUNE... BUT FOR YOU MY LOVE... ...I CANNOT SAVE A DIME KNOWING THERE IS SOME HOPE...
NOW ONLY WEEKS LATER... WE SAY GOODBYE TO THE PRESENT...
IS IT POSSIBLE? PERHAPS I MUST DIE... BUT WALTER'S MONEY CAN KEEP ME ON ICE UNTIL THEY FIND A CURE...
...I CAN COME BACK TO LIFE... HE'LL BE LONG GONE... I CAN BE FREE... TO LIVE A LIFE OF LUXURY... WITHOUT THIS GARGOYLE FOR A HUSBAND...
DEAD! OH LOVE OF MY LIFE... THERE IS NOTHING LEFT WORTH LIVING FOR... MY LIFE HAS DIED WITH THIS WOMAN...
...I AM AS DEAD AND LIFELESS AS SHE...

A STRANGE TOMB *THIS*... TO BE INTERRED IN SUCH AN UNHOLY GRAVE IS *BIZARRE*... ESPECIALLY FOR SUCH A PROUD, BEAUTIFUL WOMAN AS *THIS*....

BUT SHE HAS NO MIND *NOW*... NO MIND TO KNOW-- TO CARE-- ABOUT THE DRIFTING THRU *TIMELESS SPACE*... ABOUT THE *FUTURE* THAT THEN BECOMES *NOW*...

2272 IS *NOW*... IN *THIS* AGE THE ICE-SHROUDED BODY OF ONE CECILLE BIERCE IS *UNFROZEN* AND THEN SUBJECT TO THE MOST *WONDERFUL* OF EXPERIENCES...

DID *YOU* THINK IN THIS DAY AND AGE IT WOULD BE PERFORMED BY *COMPUTER*? NO... EVEN IN *THIS* DAY THE SKILL OF THE *HUMAN SURGEON* IS ONE OF THE *FEW* MIRACLES OF MAN...

WELCOME WOMAN...

...YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF FEELING *WELL*... KNOWING NOT A *MOMENT* OF MAN'S TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OVER THE LAST *3 CENTURIES*...

MY GOD... *3 CENTURIES*... WHAT KIND OF WORLD IS *THIS*?

...OH... YOU WILL *EASILY* ADJUST... IT IS NOT REALLY ALL THAT DIFFERENT FROM *YOURS*...

...A FEW MORE *CONVENIENCES*...

I WANT TO SEE IT!

YOU'RE *JOKING* SURELY... *REST*?... *AFTER 300 YEARS*? ...*I WANT TO SEE THE WORLD*...

IT IS NOT SO *DIFFERENT* FROM THE ONE YOU *LEFT*...

BUT YOU SHOULD *REST*...

SCIENCE HAS BROUGHT AN *END* TO *POVERTY*... HAS TAKEN OVER MAN'S *WORK LOAD*... THERE ARE NO MORE *WARS*... NO MORE *DISEASES*...

...LIKE *CANCER*...

...WE FINALLY FOUND *THE CURE*... OR THE *CAUSE*... *A FEW YEARS AGO*... WE WAITED TILL IT WAS *PERFECTED* BEFORE WE PERFORMED *YOUR* OPERATION...

AND, OH YES... SCIENCE HAS ALSO SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF AGING MRS. BIERCE... NO ONE ANY LONGER DIES... NO NEED FOR IT...
WE SOLVED THAT LITTLE MEDICAL PROBLEM A LONG TIME AGO... I THINK-- YES, OF COURSE, JUST A FEW YEARS AFTER YOUR 'DEATH'...
HELLO DEAR... MY LOVE...
EEEEEEEEAAAAAAAUUU

The new HORROR-MOOD character THE MUMMY KHAFRE will appear regularly in Psycho, as well as THE FIEND OF CHANGSHA, which received most complimentary votes in the CHANGSHA VOTE coupon recently. They will appear in 2 out of every 3 issues. The continuing TALES OF THE VULTURE will appear only occasionally — only when we feel we have a dynamic new character that is really worth presenting. Shortly, THE HEAP will return to these HORROR-MOOD pages in SCREAM. Meanwhile, (Ahem, while we're at it we may as well lay the whole thing out), the HUMAN GARGOYLES will appear in EVERY issue of NIGHTMARE, as will the shortly to be resumed series THE DARKKOS MANSE SAGA, AND THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VAMPIRE. NOSFERATU will be concluding within a few issues of SCREAM, as will the awesome SAGA OF THE VICTIMS series (and what a conclusion it is!). TALES OUT OF HELL will run regularly till its chapter 4 conclusion within a few issues of SCREAM. THE SAGA OF THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER will appear from time to time in various magazines — as you demanded it. MONSTER, MONSTER will soon resume to conclude in PSYCHO, by new artist Puigagut,and LADY SATAN will soon resume to conclude in NIGHTMARE, illustrated by Ferran Sostres. Anybody who says the HORROR-MOOD doesn't listen to its readers is a full-fledged NUT — you want to know the truth? — on your replies to THE BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS the series and characters TALES OUT OF HELL, MONSTER, MONSTER, and LADY SATAN resoundingly bombed out. So — YOU being the boss, they will soon conclude. Meanwhile, THE HUMAN GARGOYLES wiped all the other characters off by a whopping 75% of the vote — NOSFERATU, THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS, and the FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER also did VERY well, as did the shortly-to-continue-by-artist-cesar SHOGGOTH CHRONICLES. The NEW characters are the ones we want to hear about now —

THE MUMMY KHAFRE — THE FIEND OF CHANGSHA — THE PHANTOM IN WAX — THE BAT. Won't you please do yourself, and us, a very big favour, and send in the coupon below — it may be the cost important vote coupon we'll ever run — we will give 25 autographed copies of the very, very SPECIAL ISSUE ANNIVERSARY COLLECTORS' EDITION of NIGHTMARE with THE HUMAN GARGOYLES cover, to the MOST COMPLETE 25 coupons we receive

I like, or dislike, THE FIEND OF CHANGSHA because .....

.....

I like, or dislike, THE MUMMY KHAFRE because .....

.....

I like, or dislike, THE PHANTOM IN WAX (begins in this issue) because .....

.....

Comments about the HORROR-MOOD characters and series .....

.....

If there are 8 stories in every HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE, how many of those 8 stories should be character or series stories?

(there are 3 in this issue)

Thank y'all

Name .....

Address .....

City n' all else .....

HORROR-MOOD CHARACTER/SERIES VOTE
SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLISHING
18 East 41st Street Rm 1501
N.Y.C. N.Y. 10017

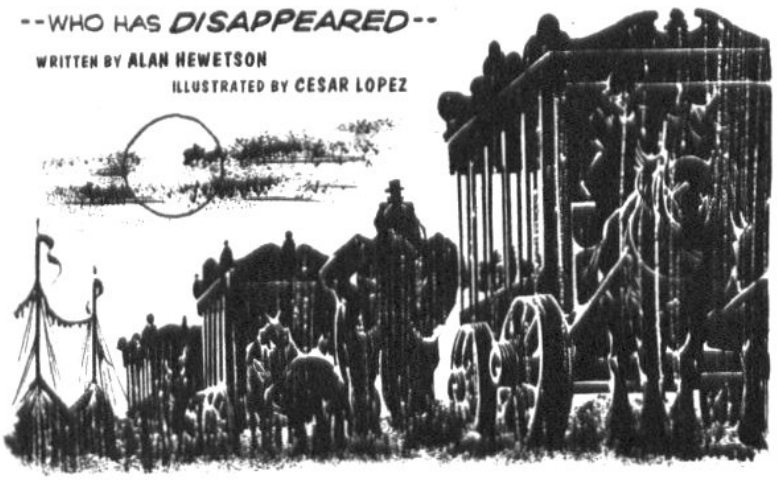
...IN 1884 IN THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA, THE SHOWMAN OF ALL SHOWMEN, *T. P. BARNUM*, FOLDS HIS TENTS UP, HIDES AWAY HIS FREAKS, CAGES HIS ANIMALS AND PREPARES TO *LEAVE TOWN*-- THE *CIRCUS* IS *MOVING ON*-- SOUTH-- TO *RICHMOND*, VIRGINIA- WHERE THERE WILL BE MORE *CROWDS* AND MORE *MONEY*-- BUT IT WILL BE *MINUS ONE ATTRACTION*...

THE MUMMY KHAFRE

--WHO HAS *DISAPPEARED*--

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON

ILLUSTRATED BY CESAR LOPEZ



chapter 2

I AM *FREE*-- AND *ALIVE*.! BUT I DO NOT *LIKE* THIS *AMERICA*-- *WHERE* I AM A *FREAK* TO BE *LAUGHED AT* AND *MOCKED*-- PERHAPS I CANNOT BLAME *AMERICA* THOUGH, MY *APPEARANCE* IS CERTAINLY A *STRANGE SIGHT*.!

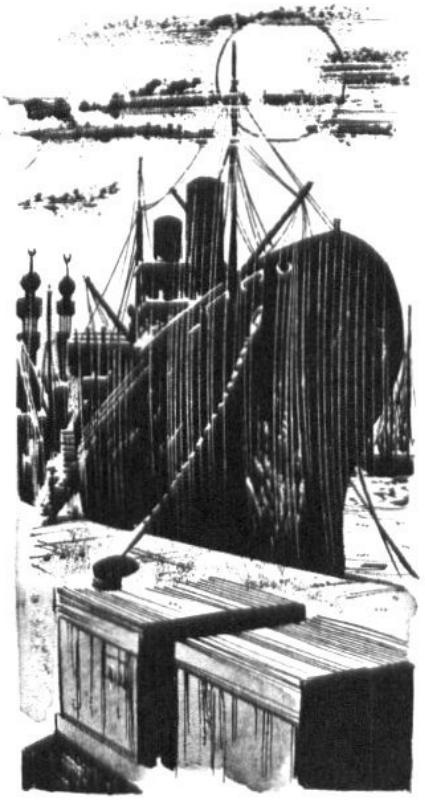
I MUST REMOVE THESE WRAPPINGS NOW--AND SEE IF MY BODY IS AS WELL-PRESERVED AS MY HEAD AND FACE!
MY GOOD LORD PHARO-HAT! I AM DEAD...
--THE PROCESS OF MUMMIFICATION WAS DONE COMPLETELY! I THOUGHT, FOR A MOMENT, I PRAYED-FOR A MOMENT--THEY HAD NOT DONE IT ALL --BUT MY BODY IS WITHOUT INTERNAL ORGANS-- MY LIVER, LUNGS, INTESTINES AND STOMACH HAVE BEEN REMOVED!
FOR WHATEVER REASON I AM ANIMATED IT HAS NAUGHT TO DO WITH THIS CRUEL EXCUSE FOR A BODY...
MY GOD!!
THE MURDERESS!

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS-- WHY I AM ALIVE, WITH THIS BODY WHICH IS DEAD...
...BUT I DO KNOW I WAS DRAGGED HALF-WAY AROUND THE WORLD TO A PLACE I DO NOT BELONG...
...I BELONG IN EGYPT-- IN TANIS...
--AND SOMEHOW, I MUST CONTRIVE A WAY TO RETURN THERE!
LOADING FOR EGYPT
CARGO

I MUST HAVE FOOD-- I NEED FOOD AND I LUST AIR-- THOUGH I THREATEN MY SAFETY, I MUST GO ABOVE DECK.!

HEY LADY-- WHAT'RE YOU DOING DOWN HERE-- ONLY SHIP PERSONNEL ARE ALLOWED DOWN HERE--
--PASSENGERS MUST STAY ABOVE DECK.!
YES-- I'M LOST-- I'LL GO DIRECTLY ONTO THE DECK.!
I DECEIVED HIM; THESE CLOTHES SEEM TO HIDE MY BODY WELL.!

--FRESH AIR-- WHY IS IT I RELISH THE FRESH AIR OF THE OPEN SEA WHEN MY LUNGS HAVE BEEN TAKEN OUT.!
THERE ARE SO MANY QUESTIONS-- SO MANY QUESTIONS THAT I CANNOT ANSWER.!



THE PELUSIUM PYRAMID--THEREIN I WAS ENTOMBED--
--THEREIN MY HUSBAND IS ALSO ENTOMBED, THOUGH I KNOW NOT EVEN WHERE HIS ANTECHAMBER IS...
I AM HOME--IF I CHOOSE, I KNOW THAT MERELY BY LYING DOWN HERE I COULD COMMIT MYSELF TO THE GODS--
--BUT I AM NOT YET READY TO DIE--THERE IS TOO MUCH I AM INTERESTED IN DOING!
MY USHABTIU--"THE ANSWERERS"... MY SLAVES --WHO ARE TO AID ME IN MY AFTER-LIFE SHOULD I NEED ASSISTANCE...
...I AM NOW DEAD!-THOUGH IN A CURIOUS WAY! --SO PERHAPS I CAN CALL THEM TO SERVICE!
USHABTIU--I CALL YOU--AWAKE MY SLAVES--MY SERVANTS-I HAVE NEED OF YOU...

YOU LIVE!--I-I NO LONGER KNOW WHAT IS FACT OR MY FANCY--PERHAPS I DREAM ALL THIS--PERHAPS I AM IN A SLUMBERWORLD OF FANTASTIQUE DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES!
YET, I SUSPECT NOT--I BELIEVE THERE IS SOME PURPOSE TO MY LIFE, THOUGH I KNOW NOT WHAT. MY GOD PHARO-HAT HAS A DESIGN FOR ME... AND I MUST BIDE MY TIME TILL HIS CAUSE IS MADE CLEAR...
...FOR THE PRESENT, IT INTERESTS ME TO SEEK OUT THE TOMB OF MY LATE KING--PHARAOH NEFERCHERES...
...YOU HAVE A PURPOSE NOW, MY SERVANTS--SEEK OUT NEFERCHERES...

YOU--NEFERCHERES, MY LORD AND MURDERER!

WILL YOU NOT COME TO LIFE? WILL YOU NOT BREATHE AS I BREATHE, IN THIS FUTURE CENTURY WHERE YOU HAVE NO SERVANTS TO ASSAULT ME AND PROTECT YOUR PERSON?
--YOU ARE DEAD-- AND HELPLESS--

LET US SEE WHAT STATE YOU ARE IN-- PERHAPS I CAN REVIVE YOU--
--ONLY SO I CAN HAVE THE PLEASURE OF KILLING YOU --AS YOU KILLED ME!

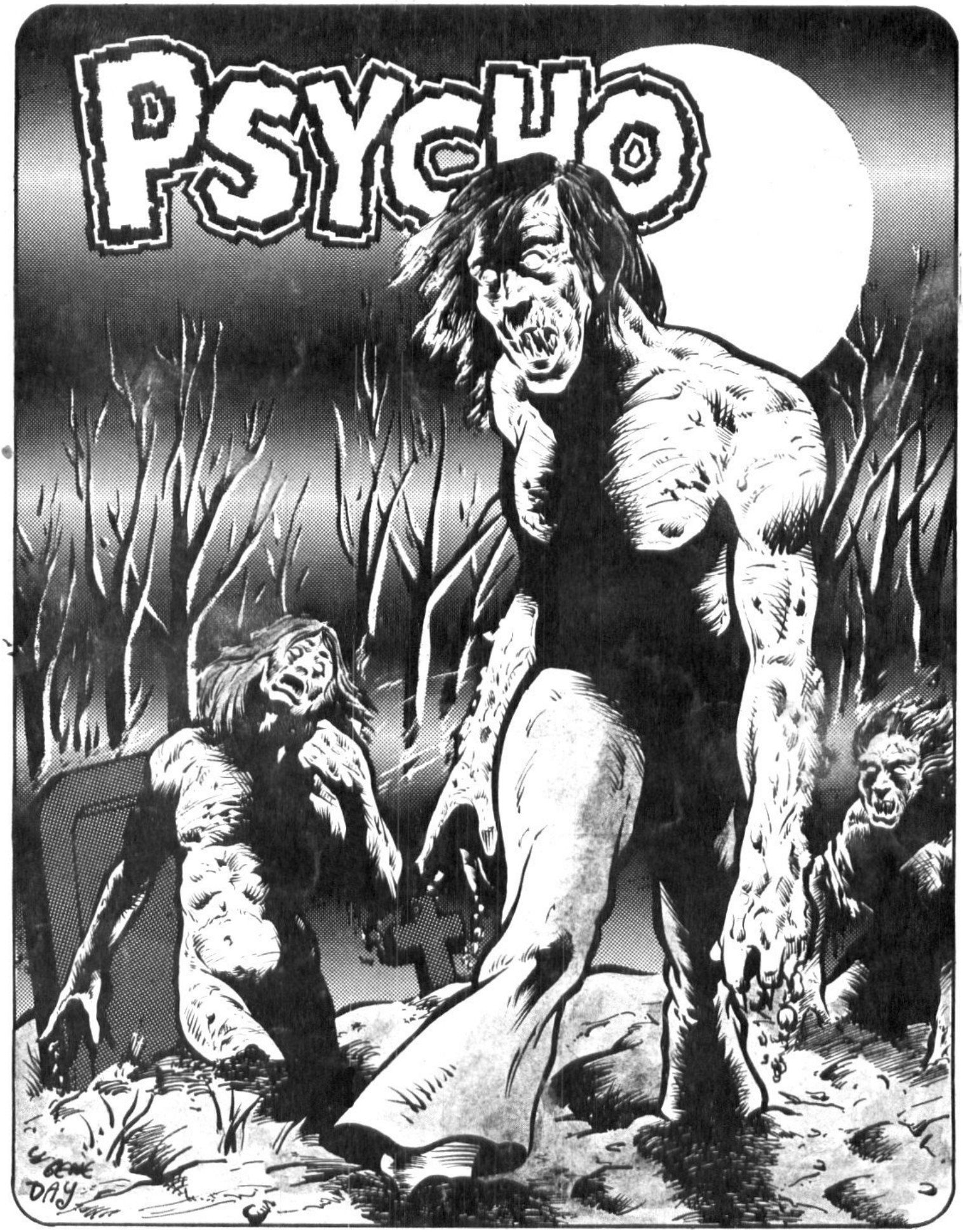
ACH -- YOU ARE DEAD -- AND THREE-THOUSAND YEARS DECOMPOSED!

YOU HEAR SOMETHING IN THE TOMB?
YES --A CRASH-- SOMEONE IS INSIDE --A BURGLAR AFTER THE JEWELS AND RICHES WE GUARD--
--GO FOR THE AUTHORITIES--I WILL INVESTIGATE.

WHAT IS THIS? WHO ARE YOU-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO BE HERE?
WHAT RIGHT? FOOL-- THIS IS MY HOME-- I AM THE QUEEN KHAFRE!
NEITHER YOU-- NOR ANYONE-- WILL PREVENT ME FROM STAYING!
OOPF!
KHAFRE? YOU ARE MAD-- THE BODY OF KHAFRE WAS STOLEN FROM THE PYRAMID SOME MONTHS AGO!
STOLEN? YES-- I WAS STOLEN-- AND DRAGGED HALF-WAY AROUND THE WORLD BY AN IMBECILE LIKE YOURSELF--
--BUT I'VE FOUND MY WAY HOME-- AND I AM HERE TO STAY--
LORD!-- THAT WOMAN'S STRENGTH!
RESTRAIN HER-- PULL HER OFF HIM-- SHE'LL KILL HIM!
LEAVE ME BE-- GET AWAY!
--I-- AM KHAFRE-- YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO RESTRAIN ME IN MY OWN TOMBS!
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT WOMAN HAS SUCH STRENGTH?

LET ME ALONE!
WHA DID SHE MEAN BY SAYING SHE WAS KHAFRE-- WAS SHE MAD?
EITHER SHE IS MAD-- OR I AM MAD! THIS BODY HAS BEEN MUMMIFIED--IT IS DEAD-- THERE ARE NO INTERNAL ORGANS!
IT CANNOT BE! EVEN IF SHE WERE KHAFRE, SOMEHOW ANIMATED, WHERE HAS SHE BEEN FOR ALMOST 4 MONTHS-- HOW IS IT AN EGYPTIAN QUEEN SPEAKS ENGLISH SO FLUENTLY?-- I KNOW NOT IF THE GUARD'S BLOW KILLED HER OR NOT-- FOR AFTER ALL SHE IS ALREADY DEAD!--BUT WE MUST REMOVE HER FROM HERE--STUDY THE BODY--TAKE HER TO MY WORK TENT--

NOW RESTRAIN HER-- LEST SHE BREAKS LOOSE AGAIN...
--LEAVE US NOW-- POST A GUARD OUTSIDE MY TENT...
YES PROFESSOR!
AT LAST WE MAY SOMEHOW FIGURE OUT THE MURDER OF MY FRIEND, PROFESSOR FLINDERS, AND THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF HIS ASSISTANT TOM FORTISS, AND THE MUMMY
--WHERE HAS IT BEEN FOR 4 MONTHS? HOW IS IT THE HEAD IS SO PERFECTLY PRESERVED AND-- AND RATHER BEAUTIFUL! --WHILE THE BODY IS SO DECOMPOSED?
SO--YOU KNOW I AM KHAFRE-- YET I AM BOUND TO THIS TABLE-WHO ABE YOU TO RESTRAIN THE FREEDOM OF A QUEEN OF ALL EGYPT!
YOUR EYES OPEN! YOU ARE ALIVE AGAIN, KHAFRE! OF IF NOT ALIVE, CERTAINLY ANIMATED!
COME TO ME USHABTIU-- COME TO ME, MY SERVANTS--
"--COME TO ME AND SERVE YOUR QUEEN-- SET ME FREE!"
YOU WERE A QUEEN--ONCE-- NOW YOU ARE MERELY THE OBJECT OF SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY! YOU WILL REMAIN BOUND UNTIL I AM SURE YOU WILL CAUSE NO TROUBLE, KHAFRE--AND I FRANKLY DOUBT IF I WILL EVER BE SO SURE!
NEXT: THE MUMMY KHAFRE--
THE HORROR IN OLD LONDON!


PSYCHO
EUGENE DAY